

The Star.

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First National Bank

OF REYNOLDSVILLE.

CAPITAL \$50,000.00.

C. Mitchell, President;
Scott McClelland, Vice Pres.;
John H. Kaucher, Cashier.

Directors:

C. Mitchell, Scott McClelland, J. C. King,
Joseph Strauss, Joseph Henderson,
G. W. Fuller, J. H. Kaucher.

Does a general banking business and solicits the accounts of merchants, professional men, farmers, mechanics, miners, lumbermen and others, promising the most careful attention to the business of all persons.

Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.

First National Bank building, Nolan block.

Fire Proof Vault.

COME IN!
Where?

TO THE

"Bee Hive" Store.

WHERE

L. J. McEntire, & Co.,

The Groceryman, deals in all kinds of

Groceries, Canned

Goods, Green Goods

Tobacco and Cigars, Flour and Feed, Baled Hay and Straw. Fresh goods always on hand.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods.

A share of your patronage is respectfully solicited.

Very truly yours,

Lawrence J. McEntire & Co.,

The Grocersmen.

CHEAPEST
and BEST
GOODS!

Ever brought to our town in

Ladies' Spring and Summer Dress Goods!

Brandenburg never was sold less than 20 to 25c. per yard; will sell you now for 12½.

Dimity, 12½c.
Turkey Red Damask, 37½
" Prints, 05
Ginghams, 05
China silk, 25

Better Goods than you can buy any place else.

The same Great Reduction in

Men's - and - Children's CLOTHING.

Children's Suits, \$.90
" " " " 1.00
" " " " 1.25
" " " " 1.75

Single Coats, .50
Youths' Suits, \$3.25 to 8.50
Men's Flannel Suits, 5.50
" " " " 7.50
" " " " 7.50
" " " " 7.50

" " " " \$6 to 9.50

A fine line of Men's Pants. Come and examine my goods before you purchase elsewhere.

N. HANAU.

MY EYES FOR BEAUTY PINE.

My eyes for beauty pine,
My soul for Golden's grane,
No other hope nor care is mine,
To heaven I turn my face.

One splendor theme is shed
From all the stars above,
"This named when God's name is said,
"Tis love, 'tis heavenly love.

And every gentle heart
That burns with true desire
Is lit from eyes that mirror part
Of that celestial fire.

—Robert Bridges.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT TEA.

Quiet Ideas Concerning the Cup That Cheers, but Does Not Inebriate.

There are probably more quiet superstitions woven about tea than about anything else in the world. If you put cream in your cup before the sugar, it will "cross your love," so you must be very careful. If, while the tea is being made, the lid, removed to pour in the water, is forgotten to be replaced, it is the sure sign of the approaching arrival of a stranger.

If a tea stalk floats in the cup, it is called a "bean," and when this is seen unmarried women should stir their tea very quickly round and round and then hold the spoon upright in the center of the cup.

If the "bean" is attached to the spoon and clings to it, he will be sure to call very shortly, if not on that very evening, but if the stalk goes to the side of the cup, he will not come. In some places this is also said to denote the coming of a stranger, and if the stalk is soft the newcomer will be a lady; if tough, a gentleman.

If you want to know how many years will elapse before you are married, between your spoon on the edge of your cup, first noting that it is perfectly dry, fill another spoon with tea, and holding it above the balanced spoon let the drops of tea gather to the tip of the spoon and gently fall into the bowl of the one below. Count the drops. Each one stands for a year.

If the cluster of small air bubbles formed by the sugar collect and remain in the center of the cup, it is a sign of fair weather. If they rush to the sides, there will be rain very shortly.—Philadelphia Press.

Robert Burns.

He was born and brought up in the midst of poverty and comparative ignorance. When, in 1857, Nathaniel Hawthorne visited the poet's residence at Dumfries and took notice of its filthy and malodorous surroundings, he wondered that Burns could have preserved his marvelous genius in such an unfavorable spot. The author of "The Scarlet Letter" was even more horrified at the wretched aspect of Burns' farm at Mossiel and could not compare the habitation in which the Scottish bard passed so many of his days to a pigsty. "It is sad," wrote Hawthorne, "to think of anybody—not to say a poet, but any human being—sleeping, eating, thinking, praying and spending all his home life in this miserable hovel." He praises the "heroic merit" of Burns for being no worse man amid "the squalid hindrances" that beset the poet's moral and intellectual development.

Hawthorne was right. Low associations, bad sanitary conditions and the companionship of the vile are all but fatal to human virtue. Burns was never utterly degraded. He was always, in spite of his failings, a true man, and his passionate love for his fellow men outlived all his sufferings.

His relations with Jean Armour, though they proved his frailty and hers, were honorable to him in some respects, for he left nothing undone to repair the error of his youth. His intemperance was rather the effect of his convivial disposition than of any vicious tendency. If he sinned, he paid the penalty, one might say, with his life. His career terminated at 37, and, having regard to his circumstances and opportunities, for no man ever achieved so much as Burns with so little aid from the world and with such terrible impediments in his path.—Westminster Review.

What Ailed the Speech.

At the close of one of the sessions in the trial of Warren Hastings, when most of those engaged had gathered in the anteroom, Dr. Parr stalked up and down the room in his pedantic, pompous way, growling out praises of the speeches of Fox and Sheridan, but saying not a word about Burke's.

Burke, sensitive at this omission and anxious for some commendation from the great authority, could at last contain himself no longer and burst out:

"Doctor, didn't you like my speech?"
"No, Edmund," replied Dr. Parr, calmly eying his excited questioner.
"Your speech was oppressed with metaphor, dislocated by parenthesis and debilitated by amplification!"—Youth's Companion.

A Phenomenon.

"Human beings cannot see in the dark," remarked the teacher.
"Sister can," replied the small pupil resolutely.
"Are you sure?"
"Yes'm. The hall was dark the other night, but sister knew that Mr. Jones had shaved off his mustache before he said a word about it."—Washington Star.

The wheat grown in southern countries contains a larger proportion of albuminoids than northern wheat and is more suitable for macaroni.

SOUSA'S DISCIPLINE.

General Schofield's Funny Break as to the Conduct of an Orchestra.

How Conductor Sousa was taken to task by General Schofield for his lack of discipline is told by the San Francisco Chronicle.

The last echo of one of Sousa's overtures was just dying away over the sand hills south of the fair grounds when General Schofield stepped in front of the band and saluted the distinguished leader. Sousa returned the salute and sent one of his men to escort the general up into the band stand.

"That music was beautiful—beautiful," exclaimed the general as he shook Sousa's hand warmly. "I am astonished, sir, that you get such results with so little discipline."

There is nothing that Sousa prides himself more on than being one of the strictest of disciplinarians, and he was naturally nettled at the general's criticism.

"Why, general, my men are under perfect control. I'm sure they are thoroughly drilled, and I can hardly believe that there is any lack of discipline. I have never noticed it."

"No, that's just it; you don't see it," persisted the general. "I saw it, though. Do you know that as soon as you turn your back on one side of your band to shake your baton at the other those fellows all quit playing? Of course you don't see it, for as soon as you turn around they begin again."

The fun in this, at the expense of the general, lies, of course, in the fact that when a section of Sousa's men became silent as he turned to the other was when the music so required. But the general looked upon this lapse as he would upon the suspension of a section of his artillery when he turned his attention to another part of the field.

CASSIUS M. CLAY'S MISTAKE.

How the Sage of White Hall Incurred the Czarina's Displeasure.

However valuable aid Mr. Clay may have rendered his country at court while in Russia, his autobiographic memoirs are full of proofs that he was no more a trained diplomat than a trained military man. One incident will suffice—the story of how he lost the favor of the czarina. One day he was invited by the czar to Czarsko Selo, a private estate 18 miles in circumference, containing forests and lakes. The czar sent him for a drive in his carriage, which, of course, had the royal livery. The Princess Suwarow, a member of the royal household, had gone rowing in a light boat and invited Mr. Clay to go with her. It came on a rain, and the princess was in a light summer dress. It was thus necessary to go to shore at once. But how was the princess to get home?

Mr. Clay proposed that she should take the carriage, and that he should find shelter under the trees till it returned. The lady seemed reluctant to do this, but at length got in and drove off. The result was that she was seen driving in the czar's carriage. The czarina did not forgive Mr. Clay for this. Mr. Clay afterward explained the circumstance to Prince Alexander Dolgorouki. He says, "I saw the prince took my explanation in good part and believed in my sincerity, but he smiled in a sad way, which as much as said, 'It's all over with you.'"—Washington Star.

Pellisson's Little Adventure.

Pellisson was frightfully ugly. One day as he was walking down the street a beautiful lady took him by the hand and conducted him into a house close by. Dazzled by the lady's charms, and flattering himself that this adventure could not possibly entail any unpleasant consequences, he had not the strength to offer any resistance. His fair captor introduced him to the master of the house, saying:

"Line for line, exactly like this," whereupon she took her departure.

Pellisson, on recovering from his astonishment, demanded an explanation. The master of the house, after sundry apologies, confessed that he was a painter.

"I have undertaken," he added, "to supply the lady with a picture of the 'Temptation in the Wilderness.' We have been debating for a couple of hours as to the mode of representing the tempter, and she ended by saying that she wished me to take you for a model."—Revue Anecdotique.

Happens Once Every 2,500,000 Years.

A remarkable freak in moon phases was noted in the month of February, 1866, a month which has gone into astronomical annals as "the month without a full moon." In that year January and March each had two full moons, but February none. A writer in a leading astronomical journal uses the following language in describing it: "Do you realize what a rare thing in nature it was? It has not happened before since the beginning of the Christian era or probably since the creation of the world! It will not occur again, according to the computations of the astronomer royal of England, for—how long do you think? Not until after 2,500,000 years from 1866!"—St. Louis Republic.

From a Standpoint of Economy.

Mrs. O'Mulligan—Phwat do yez think av dress reform?

Mrs. Whalen—Dress reform, his it? Shure it's a great savin! It's on'y yesterday I reformed the ould man's pants to fit Denny, and it's no small job natur'!—London Tit-Bits.

THEY LIKED NOISE.

Literary Lights Who Found a Stimulus to Work in Turmoil.

All that concerns the men and women who give distinction to their day is of interest to those who admire, criticize and perhaps envy their achievements. A special and legitimate curiosity is felt in reference to the conditions under which success is won. Glimpses are occasionally given into the methods of eminent toilers, and a wonderful variety is revealed. It is at least plain that no guidebook to great performances—the anxious author can have his choice of several—will determine the point where exactly the best results are to be obtained. One man's help is another's hindrance. Many famous writers, for instance, have only been able to perfect their thoughts in silence and seclusion. But there have also been those who could work in the midst of babel and defy distraction. Jane Austen, whose unpretentious canvases are full of some of the most lifelike portraits in fiction, was never in the habit of seeking solitude to compose. She wrote sitting in the family circle and under perpetual risk of interruption. It was the same with a successful lady novelist happily still living.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote her best known story on a plain pine table by the aid of an evening lamp in a tiny wooden house in Maine. About her were gathered children of various ages, coming their lessons or at play and never guessing what a treasure mine of excitement was coming into existence for other young people in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A large part of the "Roman History" of Dr. Arnold was composed under similar circumstances. Dean Stanley has sketched the Rugby student, where Arnold sat at his work, "with no attempt at seclusion, conversation going on around him—his children playing in the room—his frequent guests, whether friends or former pupils, coming in or out at will." Thomas Lovell Beddoes, a poet of luxurious fancy and true genius, though much neglected, also found stimulus to the creative faculty of his muse in working in playful and even noisy company. Such cases recall the story of the learned man of Padua, who assured Montaigne that he actually needed to be hemmed in by uproar before he could proceed to study.—By Chambers Journal.

Cavalry Pistol Practice, 1872.

Here follow the commands for the pistols:

1. Uncap your pistols.
2. Draw forth your pistols. This must be performed with the right hand. The left pistol first and then to mount the muzzle.
3. Order your pistol. Rest your pistol a little in your bridle hand, and then immediately take your pistol near the middle part of it, and place the butt end upon your thigh.
4. Sink or rest your pistol in your bridle hand.
5. Bend your cock (or draw up your cock to half bend).
6. Secure or guard your cock.
7. Open your pan.
8. Prime your pan.
9. Shut your pan or order your hammer or steel.
10. Cast about your pistols, which is to be done against your left thigh, with your muzzle upward in your bridle hand.
11. Gage your flasks.
12. Lade your pistols with powder.
13. Lade your pistols with powder. For your more speedy lading of your pistols, there is lately invented a small powder flask, with a suitable charge, but it is not to be denied that your cartridges are very serviceable.

There are 11 more motions, and finally in 24—give fire. In the firing of your pistols you are not to fire directly forward, to your enemies' horses' heads, but toward the right hand, with the lock of the pistol upward.—Notes and Queries.

Papa in the Same List.

A gentleman formerly in the service of the United States navy married a Japanese beauty a few years ago and settled down to domestic life in the Land of the Rising Sun.

Only a few months ago an old chum of his, an officer on one of our ships of war, went to call upon him at his home in Nagasaki. While waiting in the room which might correspond to the parlor in this country he heard the prattle of a child in the adjoining apartment. Said the youngster:

"Who is the foreign devil that has come to see papa?"

"Hush," said the nurse. "The gentleman might overhear you. He is a fellow countryman of your father's."

"Well, papa is a foreign devil too."

This incident would seem to show that certain colloquial phrases have survived the feeling of hatred for foreigners which the Japanese abandoned so many years ago.—Washington Star.

The Primitive Fishhook.

The first implement used by man for catching fish with a line was not a hook. It was a pointed piece of bone or flint, a simple baitholder, and the line, possibly a length or so of some dried vine or grass, was tied to the middle of the piece. The fish swallowed the whole bait, bone and all, and so the first implement was what we would call a gorgon hook today. In time bronze was substituted for bone, but the form of the first implement was retained. Untold ages passed before the first fishhook was made, and, strangely enough, when a prong was fashioned on the hook, the prong turned outward and not inward.—New York Times.

Coleridge left his wife and children without apology or farewell and never would see them again.

FOR "GOOD OLD MUDDER."

A Newsboy Gets a Small Photograph Taken to "Send to Her."

When Curtis, the photographer, got down to his studio a few mornings ago, he found a diminutive, tattered and very dirty little boy waiting for him, with a bootblack's kit slung on his shoulder. With an inimitable "tough drawl" the boy said: "Say, Mr. Coitiss, I came ter git me tintype taken. I want ter send it ter ma mudder, wot lives in Cleveland. See?"

Mr. Curtis said: "I don't take tintypes, my boy. Why don't you go to a tintype gallery?"

"Aw, Mr. Coitiss, yonsa do only pitcher taker I knows. See, Mr. Coitiss," he wheedled, "here's do stuff I've been savin ter git or pitcher ter send ter ma mudder. Yonsa ken have it all." And he opened his grimy, sweaty little paw, in which reposed a silver dime and a cent.

"All right," said Curtis, "come in, and I'll take your picture. You needn't pay me with money. What can you do?"

"Say, Mr. Coitiss, I kin do anything. I'm a wise kid. Dey ain't no fies on me."

He was lifted into a chair, and his feet didn't come within a foot of the floor. He was trembling with excitement, and his teeth glistened in a line of white against his dirty face. After the shutter clicked and he was told it was "all over" he laughed and said: "Hah, dat ain't nuffin. I end do dat meself, Mr. Coitiss."

He was put to work cleaning the globes on the chandeliers to pay for his pictures, and during the afternoon disappeared. About 6 o'clock he came back and said: "I had ter go after me 3 o'clock. Here's a poppy I saved for you, Mr. Coitiss." And he drew a rumpled dirty paper from under his coat.

When the pictures were finished and handed to him, he said: "Hully gee! Ain't dat outer sight? Won't de old lady be proud av her Cholly boy wen she gits dis? Say, Mr. Coitiss, me mudder's a good old lady, and she's got six more kids ter wash fer, so I t'ought I'd skip."

One of the pictures was mailed to "de good old mudder" in Cleveland, and the boy had one for himself. He looked at it admiringly for a moment and then said: "Say! Won't dis kill de kids at de Junction dead when I show it to 'em? Aw, say! Photographed by Coitiss. Where's me chrysanthemum, Cholly?" And he strutted out.—Kansas City Star.

Switzerland a Modern Babel.

Switzerland, with its mixture of races and tongues, is a sort of modern Babel, a fact which causes much trouble in particular to the military authorities. At Wallenstadt, the other day, at the recruiting station, there was a guard composed of five men. The chief was a lieutenant who spoke German only, the second a sergeant who spoke Italian only, the third a corporal who could speak French and Spanish, the fourth a private who could speak French and German, and the fifth a private who could speak French and Italian. When the lieutenant had to transmit an order to the sergeant, he had to get the last named man to interpret for him. When he wanted to communicate with the corporal, he had to requisition the fourth man, and so on, great delay and confusion being thus occasioned.—London News.

Trayed by a Pin.

No matter how masculine a woman may become, there is always some little womanly weakness about her that invariably betrays her. She may wear real men's shoes and tie her own tie, but her manly hat has a hatpin through it. Her coat may be made by a real tailor, but it is tight at the waist. She is still and always the woman. Now, for example, in Tim Murphy's play, "Alimony," there was one of the dapperest young things you ever saw. She was a real little gentleman, from the crown of her billycock hat to the sole of her hunting boots. Her corduroys were real corduroys, and her shirt had link sleeve buttons, but she had her high boots pinned up with safety pins. She did, and I saw them. Wasn't that the woman of it?—Washington Post.

By Wholesale.

A young lady who was in a hurry to take a train and wanted to buy a small shopping bag walked into a wholesale establishment by mistake.

"Will you show me a bag, please?" she began, but the clerk interrupted her politely.

"We sell nothing at retail," he said.

"I could only let you have bags by the quantity."

"Dear me! Not one bag?"

"No, madam. I'm very sorry."

"And I'm in such a hurry! Well!"

She turned toward the door, and her eye was caught by a sample bag on the counter.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "that's exactly the bag I want! Couldn't you sell me the twelfth of a dozen?"

She got her bag.—Youth's Companion.

Women Officers Re-elected.

The Woman's Benevolent association of Kansas City, Kan., elected officers at its recent meeting. Without an exception the old officers were re-elected. Here they are: Mrs. Phoebe A. Enger, president; Mrs. E. J. Harris, vice president; Mrs. W. H. Ryus, secretary, and Mrs. J. C. Martin, treasurer. The society is over 20 years old.

The Dyaks of Borneo.

The ferocity of the Dyaks of Borneo when Rajah Brooke first came was appalling. No social or religious function could take place among the tribes without bloodshed. Young unmarried girls came forth from the long seclusion to which they had been condemned since childhood so anemic that they could hardly stand. A slave was killed in their honor and the blood of the victim sprinkled over them. Head hunting had decimated the race. It was imperative that husbands should conjure evil spirits by bringing a human head to their wives before the expected birth of a child. Boys might not aspire to manhood without having earned the badge of the head hunter.

A skull was the first gift of a lover to his mistress and the last token of respect by which the living could honor the dead. On account of his rank no petty chief could be buried without many freshly decapitated heads to form his escort into the next world. The greatest respect, moreover, was shown to such trophies. They were smoked over a fire to preserve them. Their lips were forced open to receive the choicest morsels during the family meal. Tobacco and betel nuts were also spread before them. They were looked upon as honored guests, and every effort was made to win their friendship.—Fortnightly Review.

Promotion.

"How's that boy o' yourn gettin along in the city, Josiah?" asked one farmer of another.

"He's workin his way up right along."

"What's he doin?"

"He's workin fer the city."

"You don't tell me! What's he doin fer it?"

"He's drivin one o' them things they call a street sweeper—kind o' wipes up the road nights, you know. But, my, he's been promoted! Fust off he was workin in the Twenty-fist ward. By an by he writ me that he was workin in the Eighteenth ward. Last week he writ that he was in the Twelfth ward now, an, I swan, you see if that feller don't fetch up in the Fust ward with his sweep cart yit!"—Youth's Companion.

On a Business Basis.

The banker was talking to the bachelor broker about his future state, so to speak.

"Why don't you get married?" he inquired. "You've got money enough."

"I presume I have, but you know I take no stock in matrimony."

"Pshaw! That doesn't make any difference."

"I think it makes a great deal."

"Of course it doesn't," insisted the banker. "Don't you've often make a mighty good thing by assuming the bonds of a concern you wouldn't take stock in under any circumstances?"

The broker hadn't looked at it in that light before, and he took the proposition under advisement.—Detroit Free Press.

Danger in Everything.

Science shows that possible danger lurks in everything. Butter, for instance, may contain pathogenic germs, and every one knows how bad they are. So also it is shown in the London Lancet that bread contains many kinds of living bacteria. And the conclusion is reached that many unaccountable diseases may be eventually traced to the agency of bread.—New York Tribune.

Two Merits.

The Hibernian gift for courteous speech was seldom better displayed than by a certain Irish boarder.

His landlady, a "pleasant spoken" body, had poured him a cup of tea and presently inquired if it was all right.

"It is jist to my taste, Mrs. Hallahan," said the boarder—"wake and cowl, jist as I loike it."—Youth's Companion.

Close Resemblance.

Crimsonbeak—Do you know a marriage service always reminds me of a prize fight?

Yeast—How so?

"Why, the parties talk about it for months, but it only requires a couple of seconds for the event."—Yonkers Statesman.

More About the Dollar Mark.

Teacher—Tommy, did you find out anything about the origin of the dollar mark?

Tommy—I asked paw about it, and he said the straight lines stood for the pillars of society and the crooked one for the way they got their money.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Equal to the Occasion.

Bob—What did the lecturer say when you threw those cabbages at him?

Dick—Oh, he said he had hoped the audience would be pleased, but he really hadn't expected they would entirely lose their heads.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Annapolis was so called in honor of Queen Anne. The Catholics, who settled it, called it St. Mary's. It was renamed Arundelton, in honor of the Earl of Arundel, still later was christened Anne Arundel, and finally the present name was bestowed.

Mrs. Portly Pompos—Oh, Bridget, you have broken that magnificent Japanese vase!

Bridget—Sure, mum, isn't it lucky that there was nothing in it!—Tampmany Times.